ASTRAY; HOW TO GET BACK.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Tal-mage, Delivered in Rev. Albert Barnes' Church, Seventh Street and Washington Square, Last Eve-

h An ammenic throng of people assembled in the eleurch of Rev. Albert Barnes last night to hear a sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christlan Association. It was an occasion never to be forgotten by those who were present, it was the beginning of & kerles of sermons to be preached by prominent elergymen of the city. intended to reach a class of persons not always found in our churches. Rev. Albert Barnes presided, and, after the choir had discoursed appropriate mosts, read the parable of the Producal Son, and led in prayer.

Mr. Talmage then proceeded with a sermon of great power, announcing as his subject, "Astray; How to Get Back," Text-Prov. 23: 35-When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

After explaining the text, he said:-I will select my audience to-night. If there be here aged Christians near the gate of heaven, I do not preach to them. It there be young men here who have maintained their integrity, usehere who have maintained their integrity, use-ful and Carlstian. I do not preach to them to-night. But if there be in this audience a bruised soul, a wanderer, one forlorn and discou-raged and despairing, and under an awful cloud, has come here hopeless, brother, I offer you my right hand. Christ came to save the lost. Lord Jesus, give me one som to-night I (This prayer of the preacher was marvellously answered at the close of the sermon in circumstances that would be thrilling to relate if it were wise to would be thrilling to relate if it were wise to

The discourse was devoted to showing what were the difficulties in the way of return, and then how they may be surmounted. He mentioned the force of moral gravitation that naturally takes one down, and the power of habit. Habit is a taskmaster that chastises us not while we obey it; but let us resist, and we find that we are to be lashed with scorpton whips, and bound with stop cable, and thrown in the track of bone-to-caking Juggernauts. He walks the floor sleeptree, and in the night gets down on his knees, etyme "God help me!" It is a long, bitter, exhausting, agonizing, hand-to-hand right with infiamed, tantalizing, merciless habit. At the very moment he thinks himself free, a number of the old inclinations leap upon him like a pack of hongry hounds, with their muzzles all tearing away at the nanks of one poor reindeer. In Pars there is a sculptured representation of

Barchus, the god of revelry, riding on a panther at toll leap. Significant. He who speeds on rainous ways rides a wild, bloodthirsty monster, and its every leap is a death-leap.

Society also repulses the returning prodigal.

"Are you here?" says the usber at the door of the church to this repenting man. He sides up to a respectable man to get into good company, but the highly respectable man has business that takes him right off at the next street; for we must preserve our respectability! With his dilapidated coat, he putsout his hand to some young man, a member of one of our churches, and the young man responds by giving him the tip end of the long fingers of the left hand. Oh! ye who curl the lip of scorn in the presence of the faden, I tell you plainly that the same infinences which have destroyed them would have thrust you into the ditch. Who are you, brought up and surrounded by holy influences, that you should be so hard in your treatment the unfortunate? Rather let him take holy the other side of your hymn-book to-night, hold the other side of your hymn-book to-night, though it shake violently with his dissipations. You would be more lenient if you knew the process of his fail. When a mae first begins to be disspated, he is very careful where he goes. It must be a highly respectable hotel. He would scorn to enter one of these corner-nuisatives with red-stained glass, and a mug of beer painted on the sign-board. You could not drag him into such a place. Ask him to go there, and his 5-1f-respect would rouse up, and with flushed cleek he would demand:—"Sur! Do you mean to insuit me?" No. mand:- "Sir! Do you mean to insuit me?" No t must be a clean, marble-floored bar-room. No salacious pictures hung back of the coun-ter. No drankards hiccoughing while he stirs the drink. It must be a place only first-class gentlemen go, together the rims of their cut-glass, and drink to the announcement of flattering sentiments. But such places are not always at hand. And the taste implanted must be satisfied. Now he goes into underground restau-Not so particular as he was about cleanliness, or style of pictures. Conversation not as pure as it might be, but no matter for that—people must not be too fastidious. Time goes on, and he does not any more discuss the character of the dram-shop. Floor sanded or sawdusted is just as good as anything when a man s thirsty. More log-wood and strychnine in the teverage, but liquors are high, and you must expect adulteration. The down grade is ateeper now. Almost at the bottom. There they sit around the card-table in the oystercellar, wheezing, blood-shot—and blasphemous, cards greasy and worn out, till they can hardly tell who has the best hand. But never mind they are only playing for drinks. Shuffle away! Landlord stands in shirt-sleeves, with his hands on his hips, watching the game, and waiting for another call to fill up the glasses. It is the hot breath of unquenchable fire that flushes that young man's cheek. In the jets of the gaslight I see the shooting out of the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. The clock strikes twelve. It is but the echo of the great bell of eternity tolling at the burial of a soul. One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Ten! Eleven! TweLve! Two hours more. They are asleep in their chairs. "Come come!" says the bar-tender. "Time to shut up! "What?" "Time to shut up!" Pash them out into the night air. They are going home. Of my soul! They are going home. Let the wife crouch in the corner, and the children hide under the bed. Who is it? The man that began to drink in fashionable hotels on Chesnut street, and completed his demantic. and completed his damnation in a grog-shop on Sixth street.

The preacher said that the first thing to do to get back was to throw yourself on God. Make outery for help. Nay! no words are demanded; give one look at the cross, one longing, earnest, agonizing look, and you will be a tree man. When the wounded men came to our hospitals, we did not wait till we found out where they came from before, we helped them, and God does not ask where you came from, nor what you have been soing before He offers His healing power. Just hold up your wounded soul, and He will cure it. The mountains shall crack apart rock from rock in the grip of great convulsion, and the sea boil like a pot in the fires of the last day, and stars rain into dust, and the universe fly apart at the blast of God's nostrils; but the Lord will expend all the strength of Hisomnipotence, and exhaust all the wealth of His compassion, and Himself go beggared through infinite spaces rather than it shall be told in heaven or hell that a soul cried out for rescue, and God would not help him. After giving many instances of the power of grace to reclaim the wandering, and urging those who are astray to quit evil companions and seek Christian associations, he said it is a good time now to begin, in this last Sabbath night of the year, in the closing moments of this service, the Sabbath wing spread for flight, angels of God's mercy hovering till you almost feel their breath on your faces, the solemnity of the moment pressing down until it affects the respiration, your heart beating until you hear in its every throb the footfalls of a higher desting, at each elbow an immortal like yourself marching step by step towards a stupendous future, the Holy Spirit with outspread wing brooding over all this auditory, and coming to your ear the booming of the far-off shore of the eccan of a great eternity. giving many instances of the power of grace to



1867---"I say, old '66, if them traps on the steps are yours, I wish you would take them away with you."

After pausing a few moments, the speaker with overwhelming solemnity remarked:--There is something that tells me that there is in this audience A Man Astray who will Never Get Back .- Tragedy of five acts.

Act 1. Young man starting from father's house—Perents and sisters weeping—Over the hill throwing back a farewell ki s. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act 2. Marriage altar—Bright lights—Full organ—Long veil trailing through the aisle—Congratulations and tears and prayers and ex-

elemations of how well she looked. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act 3. Midnight candle almost in the socket— Grief-worn woman waiting for the return of staggering steps — Noch rg but ashes on the hearth—old garment stuffed into the broken window pane—we sunken and dry because all its tage are shed—Story of hardships in long s across the brow-Brane the nails of bloodless fingers - Disgrace - Cruelty - Starvation prooding over the scene. Ring the bell! Let

Act 4. Three graves in a rough place—There the child that died for want of medicine—Here the wife who died of grief—There the lather who died of dissipation-Plenty of weeds, but no flower, no tree, no fence, no mourner-Hearth solate and blasted-The heart freezes-let tae

the curlain drep.

Act 5. THE GAMBLER'S ETERNITY .- Skeleton of better days tormenting the soul-Scorpions of fire-Gloom-Death-struck-Gamester's passion. but no dice to click, no bowls to rumble—No hands to keep tally—Risked eternity on one ace and lost it—All the stakes swept off—Awful ending to an awful tragedy—Blackness of darkness forever! I shut my eyes, I turn my head. I cannot endure the vision. Quick!—Ring the bell! Let the curtain drop.

HOME FOR STRANGERS.

The Downward Career of Young Men in Vice-A Plea for the Erection of a Strangers' Home.

The following is a condensed report of a lecture delivered by the Rev. S. A. Mutchmore, on the parable of the "Prodigal Son (being the third of a series), at the Cohocksink Presbyterian Church, Germantown avenue, above Fifth:-

It might be of interest to you to know where a youth, parting from such a home and such ties as are represented in the parable, would first go to find the happiness for which he longed. He would not first plunge into excessive vice—the influence of home piety is yet too strong for that. He would probably stop at the City of Morality, into which Christan, in Buryania City of Morality, into which Christan, in Buryania City of Morality. yan's "Pilgrim's Progress," was inveigled, and here he would be the guest of Mr. Legality and his son Civility—the one a spiritual cheat, and the other a hypocrite-who would teach him th first step of allenation from God, viz., that there is no need of a young man to frequent the house of God, and the seoner he is divorced from its hallowed associations the better. For the City of Morality had no church; its citizens never needed one, their religion consisting only in ab staining from a few vices of the baser sort giving now and then a few pennies to the pass ing beggars. But that on which they pride themselves most, is in not being as bad as many church tolks. The above-mentioned particulars are the chief art cles in their confessions of

My young friends, the truth presented in this llegory of Bunyan's is one to which you will do well to give the most carnest heed. As to salvation by morality, you need only refer to the young man that came to the Saviour, and ts utter failure. There is not a more hopeless feature in a man's life than his withdrawing from the worship of God's house. It is the most between your soul and God; it is the burying of all the saintly influence of your father's house, and stopping your ears to the dying accents of entreaty from your departed friends.

There is always hope of one, however wicked, who still frequents the church; an arrow may there pierce his heart, and save his soul away from the church you are insulated from almost every influence for good-you drift on to doom like a wait on the ocean, with no hand to arrest you in your atmiess career; and when a man commences to give up his convictions, those torn away will loosen those remaining,

those torn away will loosen those remaining, until all are gone, and he is a wreck.

The young prodigal is no better c intented in the City of Morality than in his father's house. Morality will not satisfy the deep yearnings of the human food. It is like trying to lift oneself into rest by pulling at our own feet, or arresting the aching of our hearts by tugging at our own wills. Morality will not do lift power-

jess; it is too negative. The prodigal is impelled onward until he reaches the City of Unbelief, which lies in a descrt. Its environs are not inviting; its sands are strewn with the wrecks of past beliefs. No living thing appears there but is mutilated.

The outterflue have their wings pulled off by skeptics of this city, to see it they could not have been made without a God. The dowers are reft of their petals by the same persons, trying to see it they came by chance. But the prodigal, for all this, is much pleased with the society. He is invited to the skeptic Star Chamber. Here he loses many of the scrytle convictions; of home; from these savans he learns that the Bible which his mother loved is not true, and that it is utterly unphilosophical. Here he reads the restiges of creation, in which worlds are made from star mats, without even the supposition of a God.

Here he learns that man is a lofty develop ment of the orang-outsty; here is shown some pieces of reck, with lossils which must have been formed myriads of years before the Mosale record; and here too he is first introduced to the "Bareau of Church Scandal!" Here he discovers tha all virtue is selfshiness. But still he is plagued with unrest; his destiny must be downward. So be leaveth the counsels of the ungodly, and standeth in the way of sinners. The concourse of the vile is the highway to his pleasures. He finds his sanctuary in the rum house, where he mounts the rostrum and suteth with the scornful.

Here he ridicules all that is lovely in woman's character-all that is noble in religion-like the buz; and that sweeps over broad acres of refreshing beauty, with air balmy with the fragrance of flowers, and lights upon some decaying carcase alling the air with its stenchful ichor, and there holds hith carnival. He sits in the seat of the scornfol-he entertains his companions with caricatures of the piety of his house-tells of his "long-winded" prayers-of how much Scripture be had to commit-rails at the shorter catechism-says that he was disgusted with religion when young-ridicules his mother's solicitude-tells of her admonitions with so much drollery that all the crowd laugh outright-and in a conic way depicts how she slipped a Bible into his trunk with passages marked, or how she expected to "catch" him by laying a lock of her grey hair on some favorite verse. He makes great mirth over the long sermons he used to hear, and snivels their passages as the parson

used to deliver them.
On Sabbath mornings he is found at the corner t the street, perched on some box or doorstep whistling, and making remarks upon the piety of the passing minister, thinks that a sanctime nious face covers a multitude of sins, sneers at the virtue of the women on their way to the sanctuary, thinks female virtue only the force of circumstances-I will not say more; I loathe him, and so do you; the very sun squirms to touch hin, and were it not that God has ap-pointed it to show up corruption as well as to nile on virtee, t would leave him in dackness -alas! not dark enough to mantle his deprayed

But even here he is no better contented. Unike Dante's image of the infernal, which ranges its several dreary mansions, along a narrowing and descending volute, the lower it sank the more narrow it grew. But the lower he sinks the broader and more dismal his shame. But he has reached the metropolis of the world. Here passion and wit, mirth and pleasure are incarnate. Far off its glory shines, and as he near-its walls with gates of brass, and beholds its gay palaces and hanging gardens, hears its music and revelry be hopes that here, at last, he has found the end of all his feverish dreams, and that even fancy will find itself outdone. His bearts elisat he thought of ever-unfolding pleasures in the brilliant city. He finds young compan ons waiting for him, who seemed to have an instruct of his coming. They proffer their kind offices to show him the sights. My Christian friends, whatever the devil has lost in his fall, this is certain—that he has not

jost the use of hospitality Christians absorbed with other interests may young men, or neglect the stranger within their gates. But not so with the enemy of our souls; he ever gives joung men a gracious welcome. He sends out his runners to meet them at the railroad depots; fills their hands with flaming advertisements of all his gayeties; he never leaves a stranger coming to your city out in the cold. Thus, the callow young are soon the cold. Thus, the callow young are soon initiated into all the scenes; and it is not won-

derful that so many young men are led like A stranger in a strange land, almost any kind hand can lead him to the sanctuary, to the sacred places of purity, or to the chambers of mirth and revelry, whose rear doors are the cates of hell.

I see charity inventive in devising asylums

for the unfortunate sons and daughters of men, and I wonder why some benefactor has not thought or an asylum for homeless young men in this great city of ours. Better have an asylum that would prevent crime, than one merely to hold the wrecks which crime has made.

Is there not some man of wealth, with a great heart, that would build such a house as that of the "Union League," and give it to the Young Men's Christian Association, or some other asso ciation of Christians, as a place where young men could spend their evenings with Christian companions—a "Temple to Virtue," equal to, if not rivelling, those dedicated to passion, where the fires of lust are not allowed to smoulder on her altars. Why should virtue go in rags, while vice flaunts in royal trappings? Why religion always lie in mean raiment, like Lazaros at the gates, while iniquity is clothed in purple and fine linen and fares sumptionally every day. Such a bome should be filled with good books and papers; the finest of paintings, and best of music; for why should vice subserve its base ends by those things which God has given us with our religion? For the finest literature, the grandest triumphs in painting, and the noblest music that ever ear heard, have been given to the world when religion held sublimest sway, Such a home for a stranger within our gates where Christian men and women could go and diffuse the sanctity of home, and join in the evening hymn of praise, would bring a new and glorious era for virtue and religion. And the benefactor who would do this great work, would live in the hearts of his countrymen as long as virtue had a tongue to praise his name.

AUCTION SALES.

B. SCOTT, JR., AUCTIONEER ATTRACTIVE SALE OF MODERN OIL

AMERICAN ART GALLERY, NEW YORK,
This Monday evening,
At 7% o'clock, will be offered for sale, at Scott's Art
Gallery, No 1620 Chesnut street, about 275 Modern Oil
Paintings, of varied and pleasing subjects, all elegantly mounted in rich gold lear frames.
On view, with descriptive catalogues, day and evening, until nights of sale.

CHARLES C. MACKEY, AUCTIONEEB. U. C. MACKEY has removed (temporarily) to No. 421

Commerce street
SALE OF STOCKS OF MERCHANDISE, HOUSE-HOLD FURNITURE, and Personal Property of all kirds, will be attended to personally, on reasonable terms, at the premises of the owners. Wanted-A LARGE STORE for the Auction Bus PANCOAST & WARNOCK

LARGE POSITIVE SALE OF 500 LOTS AMERICAN AND IMPORTED DRY GOODS, GERMANTOWN FANCY KNIT HOSIERY GOODS, ETC., BY CATALOGUE. January 3, commencing at 10 o'clock, comprising general assortment of scasona b e goods. 12 31 3:

SALE OF DAMAGED CLOTHING AND CLOTHING DEPOT

CLOTHING DEPOT
SCHUYLKILL ARSENAL.
PHILADELPHIA, December 31, 1866
Will be sold at public auction, on account of the United States, at the Schuylkill Arsena', Gray's Ferry Road. Philade phia, Pa., on FRIDAY, January 11, 1867, at 10 o'clock A. M., and will be continued from day to day until all are sold, the following named articles of Damaged Clo bing and Fquitage, viz.:— Fqui age, viz.:— Wool Blankets, Kubber and Blankets, Infantry Coats, Painted Axes, Pick-axes, Canteens, Hospital Tents, Wail Tents, Great Coats, Jackets. Wall tense Sibley and Common Tente Haversacks, Knapsacks, Stockings, Scales (Brass), Musical Instruments, Etc. Drawers,

The property must be removed within ten (10) days from day of sale.

Catalogues will be furnished upon application at this Office, or at the Office of ARMY CLOIH NG AND EQUIPAGE, No. 1139 GIRARD Street. Terms—Cash in Government funds.

By order of
Brevet Brig Gen, GFO, H CRO3MAN
Ass'stant Quartermaster-treneral, U. S. Army,
BENRY W. JANES,
Captain and A. Q.M., Brevet Major, U. S. A.,
12 31 10t;
Executive and Inspecting Officer.

PLAYING CARDS, CRIBBAGE, BACKGAMmon, and Chess Boards and Games, Bazioue, and a variety of other Games, at 1,085 & CO'S, No. 472 CHESNUT Street.

CURTAINS, SHADES, ETC.

RICH LACE CURTAINS.

Las Subscribers have new in Steek, and are rerelying from the late

AUCTION SALES IN FEW YORK,

Nettingham Lace Curtains,

From Ordinary to Rich Style.

French Lace Curtains,

From the Lowest to the Highest Quality, some o them the RICHEST MAJE.

Vestibule Lace,

Embroidered Muslin Cartains, Jacquard Musiin Curtains, and

Curtain Muslims in great variety SHEPPARD. VAN HARLINGEN & ARRISON 9 14 wfm6mrp) No. 1008 CHESNUT Street.

E. WALRAVEN,

(MASONIO HALL,)

No. 719 CHESNUT STREET.

A Fresh Importation of CHOICE LACE CURTAINS, TAPESTRY FORDERED TERRYS,

SATING AND SATIN DAMASE. In Rose, Crimson, Blue, Green and Gold, of all the

newest designs for Curtains and Furniture Coverings

WINDOW SHADES OF ALL COLORS AND STYLES. [10 20 tuths

REDUCED PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES

KELTY, CARRINGTON & CO. No. 723 CHESNUT Street,

Have constantly in Stock, for retail city and country trade, their

CELEBRATED WINDOW SHADES MANUFACTURED BY THEM ONLY.

They are also Sole Agents for the SELF-ADJUSTING SPRING FIXTURES for Shades. The best fixtures in Also, CURTAIN MATERIALS and FURNITURE

COVERINGS, in great variety. Lace, Muslin, and Rottingham Curtains, Plane and Table Covers, the largest and finest stock in the city. Lace Curtains cleaned and mended. White Holland Shades calendered.

FURNITURE, BEDDING, ETC.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

COULD & CO...

UNION FURNITURE DEPOT. CORNER NINTH AND MARKET STREETS

> Nos. 37 and 39 North SECOND Street, (Opposite Christ Church,)

Invite all their old customers, and as many new ones as will come, to see their elegant and large assortment of FURNITURE, suitable for presents or otherwise.

HOUSEKEEPERS TO

There a large stock of every variety of FURNITURE Which I will sell at reduced prices, consisting ofPLAIN AND MARBLE TOP COTTAGE SUITS
WALNUT CHAMBER SUITS.
PARLOR SUITS IN VELVET PLUSE
PARLOR SUITS IN HAIR CLOTH.
PABLOR SUITS IN HAIR CLOTH.
PABLOR SUITS IN REPS.
Sideboards, Extension Tables, Wardrobes, Bookcases
Mattresses, Lounges, etc.
P. P. GUSTINE:
815
N. E. corner SECOND and RACE Streets.

ESTABLISHED 1795.

A. S. ROBINSON,

French Plate Looking-Glasses, ENGRAVINGS PAINTINGS DEAWINGS LTC.

Manufacturer of all kinds of

LOOKING-GLASS, PORTEAIT, AND FICTURE FRAMES TO ORDER.

No. 910 CHESNUT STREET. THIRD DOOR ABOVE THE CONTINENTAL,

PHILADELPHIA. DIARIES 1867. 1867.

50 Styles and Sizes, at Low Prices.

Visiting and Wedding Cards, the latest noveities.

Initials, Monograms, etc., stamped on paper and envelopes, in colors, gratis. A large stock of English, French and American Paper and Envelopes. BLANK BOOKS of the best manufacture, on hand, and made to order.

> R. HOSKINS & CO., Manutacturers of Blank Books,

Stationers, Prigravers, and Printers, No. 913 ARCH Street.

GEO. A.COOKE'S

COAL EMPORIUM 1314 WASHINGTON AV.

THE GENUINE EAGLE VEIN, THE CELE-brated PRESTON and the pure hard GREEN-WOOD COAL, Figs and Stove, sent to all parts of the city at \$6.50 per ton; superior LEHIGH at \$6.75. Each of the above articles are warranted to give per-fect satisfaction in every respect. Orders received at No. 114 South THIRD Street; Emperium, No. 1314 WASHIE GTON Avenue.

DRY GOODS.

J. C. STRAWBRIDGE & CO.

COTTON GOODS.

THE VERY LOW PRICE OF COTTON GOODS SHOULD INDUCE CAREFUL HOUSE. HEEPERS AT ONCE TO LAY IN A STOCK.

YARD-WIDE SHIRTING MUSLINS, 21 -4 WIDE HEAVY SHEETING MUSLINS.

65 CENTS. 4 WIDE PILLOW MUSLINS, 25 CENTS.

WIDE SHEETINGS

AT GREAT REDUCTION,

10-4 WALTHAM SHEETINGS. 11-4 UTICA SHEETINGS. 11-4 HUGUENOT SHEETINGS. 12-4 HUGUENOT SHEETINGS.

9-4 WALTHAM SHEETINGS. 8-4 WALTHAM SHEETINGS.

WE EAVE NOW IN STOCK,

AT THE REDUCED RATES.

NEW YORK MILLS WAMSUTTA,

WILLIAMSVILLE, FORESTDALE, WHITNEY. AMOSKEAG A,

BY THE PIECE.

HOUSEKEEPER.

AT WHOLESALE RATES.

Pillow Muslins at the Lowest Prices.

5-4 WALTHAM PILLOW MUSLINS. 5-4 UTICA PILLOW MUSLINS. 5-4 WAMSUTTA PILLOW MUSLINS.

10 Bales Unbleached Muslins.

FINE YARD-WARD UNBLEACHED MUS-LINS, 22 CENTS. EXTRA HEAVY YARD-WIDE MUSLINS.

23 CENTS. HEAVY WIDE UNBLEACHED SHEET ING MUSLINS.

MUSLINS BY THE PIECE

WHOLESALE RATES.

J. C. STRAWBRIDGE & CO.

NORTHWEST CORNER

EIGHTH AND MARKET STS.